

this: your Lion that holds his Pollax sitting on a close stool, will be given to Ajax. He will be the ninth worthie. A Conqueror, and affraid to speake? Runne away for shame *Alisander*. There an't shall please you: a foolish milde man, an honest man, looke you, & soon dash it. He is a marvellous good neighbour in sooth, and a verie good Bowler: but for *Alisander*, alas you see, how 'tis a little ore-parted. But there are Worthies a coming, will speake their munde in some other sort. *Exit Cu.*

*Qu.* Stand aside good Pompey.

*Enter Pedant for Iudas, and the Boy for Hercules.*

*Ped.* Great Hercules is presented by this Impe, Whose Club kil'd *Cerberus* that three-headed *Cannus*, And when he was a babe, a childe, a shrimpe, Thus did he strangle Serpents in his *Mannu*:

*Quoniam*, he seemeth in minoritie, Ergo, I come with this Apologie.

Keepe some state in thy exit, and vanish. *Exit Boy*

*Ped.* Iudas I am.

*Dum.* A Iudas?

*Ped.* Not I scariot sir.

*Iudas I am, yeliped Machabaeus.*

*Dum.* Iudas Machabaeus clipt, is plaine Iudas.

*Ber.* A kissing traitor. How art thou proud Iudas?

*Ped.* Iudas I am.

*Dum.* The more shame for you Iudas.

*Ped.* What meane you sir?

*Boi.* To make Iudas hang himselfe.

*Ped.* Begin sir, you are my elder.

*Ber.* Well follow'd, Iudas was hang'd on an Elder.

*Ped.* I will not be put out of countenance.

*Ber.* Because thou hast no face.

*Ped.* What is this?

*Boi.* A Citterne head.

*Dum.* The head of a bodkin.

*Ber.* A deaths face in a ring.

*Lon.* The face of an old Roman coine, scarce seene.

*Boi.* The pummell of *Cassius* Faulchion.

*Dum.* The ear'd-bone face on a Flaske.

*Ber.* S. Georges halfe cheeke in a brooch.

*Dum.* I, and in a brooch of Lead.

*Ber.* I, and worne in the cap of a Tooth-drawer.

And now forward, for we haue put thee in countenance

*Ped.* You haue put me out of countenance.

*Ber.* False, we haue giuen thee faces.

*Ped.* But you haue out-fac'd them all.

*Ber.* And thou wert a Lion, we would do so.

And so adieu sweet *Iude*. Nay, why dost thou stay?

*Dum.* For the latter end of his name.

*Ber.* For the *Ass* to the *Iude*: giue it him. *Iude* as a way.

*Ped.* This is not generous, nor gentle, nor humble.

*Boi.* A light for monsieur Iudas, it growes darke, he may stumble.

*Que.* Alas poore *Machabaeus*, how hath hee bene baited.

*Enter Braggart.*

*Ber.* Hide thy head *Achilles*, heere comes *Hector* in Armes.

*Dum.* Though my mockes come home by me, I will now be merrie.

*King.* *Hector* was but a Trojan in respect of this

*Boi.* But is this *Hector*?

*Kim.* I thinke *Hector* was not so cleane timber'd.

*Lon.* His legges is too big for *Hector*.

*Dum.* More Calfe certaine.

*Boi.* No, he is best indur'd in the small.

*Ber.* This cannot be *Hector*.

*Dum.* He's a God or a Painter, for he makes faces.

*Brag.* The Armipotent *Mars*, of *Launces* the almighty,

gaue *Hector* a gift.

*Dum.* A gilt Nutmegge.

*Ber.* A Lemmon.

*Lon.* Stucke with Cloues.

*Dum.* No clouen.

*Brag.* The Armipotent *Mars* of *Launces* the almighty,

gaue *Hector* a gift, the heire of *Illion*:

A man so breathed, that certaine he would fight: yea

From morn till night, out of his Pavillion.

I am that Flower.

*Dum.* That Mint.

*Lon.* That Cullambine.

*Brag.* Sweet Lord *Longanill* reine thy tongue.

*Lon.* I must rather giue it the reine: for it runnes a-

gainst *Hector*.

*Dum.* I, and *Hector*'s a Grey-hound.

*Brag.* The sweet War-man is dead and rotten,

Sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried:

But I will forward with my deuice;

Sweet Royaltie bestow on me the fence of hearing.

*Berowne* steppes forth.

*Qu.* Speake braue *Hector*, we are much delighted.

*Brag.* I do adore thy sweet Graces slipper.

*Boi.* Loues her by the foot.

*Dum.* He may not by the yard.

*Brag.* This *Hector* farre surmounted *Hanniball*.

The partie is gone.

*Clo.* Fellow *Hector*, she is gone; she is two moneths

on her way.

*Brag.* What meaneest thou?

*Clo.* Faith vntlesse you play the honest Trojan, the

poore Wench is cast away: she's quick, the child brags

in her belly already: tis yours.

*Brag.* Dost thou insamonize me among Potentates?

Thou shalt die.

*Clo.* Then shall *Hector* be whipt for *Iaquenetta* that

is quicke by him, and hang'd for *Pompey*, that is dead by

him.

*Dum.* Most rare *Pompey*.

*Boi.* Renowned *Pompey*.

*Ber.* Greater then great, great, great, great *Pompey*:

*Pompey* the huge.

*Dum.* *Hector* trembles.

*Ber.* *Pompey* is moued, more *Arces* more *Arces* stirre

them, or stirre them on.

*Dum.* *Hector* will challenge him.

*Ber.* I, if I haue no more mans blood in's belly, then

will sup a Flea.

*Brag.* By the North-pole I do challenge thee.

*Clo.* I will not fight with a pole like a Northern man:

He slash, he do it by the sword: I pray you let mee bo-

row my Armes againe.

*Dum.* Roome for the incensed Worthies.

*Clo.* He do it in my shirt.

*Dum.* Most resolute *Pompey*.

*Page.* Master, let me take you a button hole lower:

Do you not see *Pompey* is vncasing for the combat: what

meane

meane you? you will lose your reputation.

*Brag.* Gentlemen and Souldiers pardon me, I will not combat in my shirt.

*Qu.* You may not denie it, *Pompey* hath made the challenge.

*Brag.* Sweet bloods, I both may, and will.

*Ber.* What reason haue you for't?

*Brag.* The naked truth of it is, I haue no shirt,

I go woolward for penance.

*Boi.* True, and it was inioyned him in *Rome* for want

of *Linnen*: since when, he be sworne he wore none, but

a dishelout of *Iaquenetta*, and that hee weares next his

heart for a fauour.

*Enter a Messenger, Monsieur Marcade.*

*Mar.* God saue you Madame.

*Qu.* Welcome *Marcade*, but that thou interruptest our meriment.

*Mar.* I am forrie Madam, for the newes I bring is heauie in my tongue. The King your father

*Qu.* Dead for my life.

*Mar.* Euen so: My tale is told.

*Ber.* Worthies away, the Scene begins to cloud.

*Brag.* For mine owne part, I breath free breath: I

haue seene the day of wrong, through the little hole of

discretion, and I will right my selfe like a Souldier.

*Exeunt Worthies*

*Kim.* How fare's your Maiestie?

*Qu.* Boyet prepare, I will away to night.

*Kim.* Madame not so, I do beseech you stay.

*Qu.* Prepare I say. I thanke you gracious Lords

For all your faire endeouours and entreats:

Out of a new sad-soule, that you vouchsafe,

In your rich wisdom to excuse, or hide,

The libellall opposition of our spirits,

Ifouer-boldly we haue borne our selues,

In the conuers of breath (your gentleness

Was guiltie of it.) Farewell worthe Lord:

A heauie heart beares not a humble tongue.

Excuse me so, comming so short of thanks,

For my great suite, so easily obtain'd.

*Kim.* The extreme parts of time, extremlie formes

All causes to the purpose of his speed:

And often at his verie loofe decides

That, which long proceffe could not arbitrate.

And though the mourning brow of progenie

Forbid the smiling cortsie of Loue:

The holy suite which faine it would conuince,

Yet since loues argument was first on foote,

Let not the cloud of sorrow iustle it

From what it purpos'd: since to waile friends lost,

Is not by much so wholsome profitable,

As to reioyce at friends but newly found.

*Qu.* I vnderstand you not, my griefes are double.

*Ber.* Honest plain words, best pierce the ears of griefe

And by these badges vnderstand the King,

For your faire sakes haue we neglected time,

Plaid foule play with our eathes: your beautie Ladies

Hath much deformed vs, fashioning our humors

Euen to the oppos'd end of our intents.

And what in vs hath seem'd ridiculous:

As Loue is full of vobefitting straines,

All wanton as a childe, skipping and vaine.

Form'd by the cie, and therefore like the cie.

Full of straying shapes, of habits, and of formes

Varying in subiects as th

To euerie varied obiect

Which partie-coated p

Put on by vs, if in your

Haue misbecom'd our

Those heauenlie eies tha

Suggested vs to make:

Our loue being yours, t

Is likewise yours. We

By being once false, for

To those that make vs b

And euen that falshood

Thus purifies it selfe, an

*Qu.* We haue receiue

Your Fauours, the Amb

And in our maiden coun

At courtship, pleasant i

As bumbast and as lining

But more deuout then th

Haue we not bene, and

In their owne fashion, li

*Du.* Our letters Mad

*Lon.* So did our lool

*Rosa.* We did not coo

*Kim.* Now at the late

Grant vs your loues.

*Qu.* A time me thin

To make a world-wit

No, no my Lord, your

Full of deare guiltinesse.

If for my Loue (as the

You will do ought, thi

Your oth I will not tru

To some forlorne and n

Remote from all the p

There stay, vntill the tw

Haue brought about th

If this austere insociab

Change not your offer

If frosts, and fests, hard

Nip not the gaudie blo

But that it beare this tr

Then at the expiration

Come challenge me, ch

And by this Virgin pal

I will be thine and till

My wofull selfe vp in a

Raining the teares of la

For the remembrance o

If this thou do denie, l

Neither intitled in the

*Kim.* If this, or more

To flatter vp these pow

The sodaine hand of de

Hence euer then, my he

*Ber.* And what to n

*Ros.* You must be p

You are attaint with fa

Therefore if you my fa

A tweluemonth shall y

But seeke the wearie b

*Du.* But what to m

*Kat.* A wife? a bear

With three-fold loue,

*Du.* O shall I say, I

*Kat.* Not so my Lo